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PAUL J. RAINEY'S African Hunt Pictures

Opening Remarks Before First Still Picture or Slide.

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Ladies and Gentlemen:- A few preliminary remarks are necessary in order to make these pictures more intelligible to you.

Mr. Paul J. Rainey, the celebrated American sportsman, having hunted everything that he was able to hunt in this country, and desirous of pursuing his conquests further, went into the Arctic regions in pursuit of the game of that section, and penetrated the Arctic circle to within 500 miles of the North Pole. As a result of this hunt, he brought back Silver King, the largest polar bear now in captivity, and presented it to the Bronx Park Zoo, New York City. Anxious to continue his conquests still further, and desirous of doing something that had heretofore been unattempted by any hunter of big game, Mr. Rainey conceived the audacious and novel idea of penetrating into equatorial Africa to subdue that monarch of beasts, the king of all--the lion, with a pack of hunting dogs, a thing never before attempted by any hunter of big game in the world. This idea of Mr. Rainey was considered an absurdity by most hunters, so much so, in fact, that upon the boat, on the way to Mombassa, Mr. Rainey was the butt of many a joke, and frequently was asked what he thought would become of the dogs when they met the lion. Strange to say, no-one happened to inquire what would become of the lion. Withstanding this raillery with splendid good nature, Mr. Rainey persisted in his idea, and you will see that it met with the greatest success.

The cost of this expedition was \$250,000, which will be readily apparent to you when you view these pictures. While Mr. Rainey was anxious to accomplish this hunt with dogs, he also had the hope that he might bring back to the people, something new in the shape of knowledge of animal life, and with that end in view, he secured the services of Mr. J. C. Hemment, as official photographer of the expedition, and said to him: "Hemment, I want pictures of the animal life that we see. I do not want any posing, and I do not want any faking, and whether the pictures that we secure be good or be bad, it is immaterial, so long as we get the pictures of the animals in their natural haunts, as we see them."

Thus these pictures were taken. Without boring you further, with preliminary remarks, we will continue the lecture itself.

(FLASH- FIRST STILL- MAP)

This map is shown you for the purpose of explaining to you the different routes by which you may reach British East Africa. Of course, leaving New York, you make the usual trip across the Atlantic, and this map shows you the start from London. You board the steamer at the Coast, go along down the French shore, through the Bay of Biscay, through the Straits of Gibraltar, into the Mediterranean to Marseilles, where the steamer touches. Or you may go from London to Dover, and there cross the Channel from Dover to Calais, from Calais over land to Marseilles; leaving Marseilles, you next touch at Naples, then through the Strait of Messina, across the Mediterranean to Port Said, through the Suez Canal to Suez, then to Port Sudan, on through the Red Sea to Aden, then around the Cape to Mombassa, the port of entry of British East Africa. From this point, Mombassa, there is a railroad called the Uganda, about 750 miles long, which runs to Entebbi. About half way between Mombassa and Entebbi, is the village of Nairobi, at which point Mr. Rainey formed his safari. As we will have occasion to use the word, safari, frequently during the course of this lecture, I desire to explain to you that this word is of Arabic origin, and in the vernacular of British East Africa, means a journey, or trip, or hunt, and all that applies to it.

(FLASH- STILL- SECOND MAP)

Nairobi is situated about four degrees below the equator, and on this expedition Mr. Rainey never went North or South of the equator ten degrees. Nairobi is a picturesque little village, and its climate is delightful, its flowers beautiful and luxuriant, but have no fragrance, and the birds of this section of the country have wonderful plumage, but no song, save and excepting the little weaver bird, of which I will tell you more later.

(FLASH- THIRD STILL)

This is a Wakhembah, one of the higher nobility of that tribe, which are among a number of tribes dwelling in British East Africa. This man is decorated with brass and copper wire around his neck, arms, and ankles, and is in full regalia for the coronation ceremonies of King George V. This picture was taken at Fort Hall, during those festivities.

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(FLASH- FOURTH STILL OR SLIDE)

This is a picture of one of his wives. You will notice the manner that she carries her offspring upon her back, somewhat similar to the method employed by the Indian women in carrying her papoose. Upon her back also are hides or pelts of animals, which she will exchange for Americans, or a form of calico dress, at the nearest trading-post. Her hands are free so that she may labor--the women doing most of the labor, the men being hunters in their natural stage. The Wakkambah practices polygamy, having as many wives as he may be able to purchase--a wife being obtained usually in exchange for 46 sheep or oxen, as the case may be.

(FLASH- FIFTH STILL)

These are the Massai--a man and a woman, or as otherwise called--a shepherd and a shepherdess. They have in their arms, lambs. They are sometimes called the agriculturists of this country, although they are only that, because of the fact that they have war-like propensities, and the British Government, anxious to wean them away from this state of mind, assigned to the Massai, a portion of territory for the purpose of cultivating it, hoping to make them farmers, rather than warriors. This splendid effort of the British Government did not meet with all the success that they had hoped for, and recently, due to the martial instincts of these people, it was necessary to revoke the grant of land, and adopt some other means to civilize them.

(FLASH- SIXTH STILL)

This is a Kukuya woman, driving her cattle to market for sale. The Kukuyas have no fixed habitation, but make their home wherever they may be, building their huts of mud and reeds, which they obtain from the rivers. When their cattle have grazed sufficiently in one spot, they drive them before them, and migrate onward, putting their household effects upon the family donkey.

(FLASH- SEVENTH STILL)

And in the event that they are possessors of more household effects than the donkey can carry, they put whatever surplus there may be, upon the family calf, which is not usually a fattened calf.

(FLASH- EIGHTH STILL)

This man you see here, is a Wanderobi. As his name implies, he is a wanderer--in fact, the Wanderobies are the Gypsies of British East Africa.

They are particularly adept with the assegai, or poison arrow, the snare, the sling, the pitfall, and the knobstock. This long stick that you see in his hand, is a knobstick, and with it he dispatches wild animals that he may have speared. He is of the light-fingered gentry, and should he approach your camp, it would be wise for you to keep your eyes upon him, because that which is not too hot, is not too heavy for him.

(FIRST MOVING-PICTURE)

This is Mr. Rainey in the center, Dr. Johnstone on the right, as you look at the picture, and Mr. Shelley on the left.

(SECOND MOVING-PICTURE)

This is the formation of the safari in Nairobi, at the store of Newland and Tarlton. The gentleman seated at the table is Mr. Allen Black, the chief hunter of the expedition, and the man responsible for the preservation of life upon the safari. He is now engaged in assembling and distributing stores, to be carried by the respective native porters employed as bearers, and in issuing small brass tags to these natives, which tags bear a number, it is impossible to distinguish the natives otherwise, because of the fact that they do not follow the names of their parents, but ~~he~~ choose names for themselves, and these names frequently are similar to that which in the English language would signify "sweet music", "hot potato", etc., each man choosing a name that happens to suit his fancy.

(FLASH THIRD MOVING-PICTURE)

These men that you see in the foreground, are the musicians, and the instruments they are playing upon are made from horns of the oryx, an animal which you will later see. The men are forming in line for the purpose of marching past Mr. Black, whom you saw in the preceding picture, and of picking up their particular burden. There are a number of tribes represented in this line of men, who numbered over 300 men, and these tribes are the Wakhambahs, Swahelies, Kukuyas, Kavarandas, Massai, and Somalis. The long sticks which you see these men carrying in their hands, are used for several purposes--to dispel serpents or other crawling animals which may be in the long grass on the beldt, to ascertain the depths of rivers, and other waters when fording them, to act as cradles in carrying in the carcasses of slain animals, and last, but not least, as a sort of diary for the men, who cut upon these sticks a notch for each day that they are on safari,

and by the number of notches in these sticks, they know the number of days for which they should receive pay--their pay amounting to approximately, seven cents a day.

(FLASH FOURTH MOVING-PICTURE)

This is the detraining of the dogs at Kajabi, which is a point about seven miles distant from Nairobi, and was the furthest point on the railroad in the direction that Mr. Rainey was going that he could reach by this means of transportation. Here the detraining of dogs, horses, men, and supplies, occurred. Mr. Rainey will be seen personally superintending the detraining of the dogs. He is the man with the helmet on his head, and you will see him turn toward you in a moment. The utmost care was exercised over these dogs, because should they be lost, the whole idea of the expedition would have been defeated, and so much care did Mr. Rainey give to their comfort, that he had kennels prepared for them, so that they might be carried over the sands of the desert, and thus relieve their feet from touching the burning sands. The dog with the white mark on his back near the neck, is Rock, one of Mr. Rainey's best dogs, and following him, is his mate, called Red. They were a cross between a staghound and a bearhound. All of these dogs were bred and trained at Mr. Rainey's Mississippi plantation, being developed for speed and fighting qualities.

(NEW PICTURE)

This is the detraining of the horses. The two white animals that you see coming from the train, are Arabian horses, chosen for their familiarity with the desert, and for their speed, swiftness being necessary in order to follow the hounds when once upon the spoor of the wild animal.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

This is Mr. Hemment, the official photographer, with his personal staff, coming down the slopes of Mount Kenia, one of the highest mountains in the world, its height being 18390 feet above the level of the sea--the line of the equator passing directly through this mountain. The mule that you see Mr. Hemment mounted upon, was rather stubborn, and did not care to go in the direction desired. The boy preceding it, was utilized to direct it as best he could, but the mule gave Mr. Hemment many an uneasy moment. Had one of the Arabian horses been put front of this mule, it would have followed, as it was particularly fond of them.

(FLASH)

This shows Mr. Hemment taking a picture of Deepdale Camp, which camp you will later see more in detail. This picture was taken by Mr. Rainey to show the process employed in securing a cinematograph picture. The boys are Somalis, and show great intelligence in acting as assistants to Mr. Hemment.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

This is the safari crossing the beldt. The man on horseback is Mr. Allen Black, the chief hunter, followed by his dog, Scotti. The boxes that you see upon the men's heads are unassembled cages, which were carried for the purpose of putting wild beasts in them, when captured, and sending them to the Coast towns. The small boy that you see carrying the small box, does not carry a light load by any means, as this box contains ammunition, and is equally as heavy as any of the rest. You will notice with what dexterity these men handle these long sticks, for you will see one who has dropped it, pick it up with his feet while carrying one of these cages upon his head. Safari is stretched in a long line across the beldt. The mountains in the distance are 90 miles away, and it is a most remarkable thing to see anything photographed at such a distance. It is possible only by reason of the wonderful atmospheric conditions of this part of the world.

(ANOTHER MOVING PICTURE)

You saw in the preceding picture the manner of carrying the burden upon the head, which is adopted by the men of the tribes, and here you see the different way in which the Kukuyas carry their load--- by means of a strap across the forehead, and the burden placed the other end of the strap, and supported in the small of the back.

(MOVING PICTURE)

This is a picture of Mr. Shelley, and his personal staff, fording a small stream with the trailing dogs. Mr. Shelley is the master of the hounds.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

This shows a portion of the safari coming down a hill, the Askari, or Government policeman in the lead. He is the only native allowed to carry a gun. Following him are the tent bearers. The Government's allowance for the men to carry, is sixty pounds, but often, due to a rainfall

or dew, these tents become much heavier than that weight. The natives do not complain, however, if you give them a little Worcestershire sauce. They prefer that to greater pay. Following the tent bearers, are men carrying the camera boxes, and the man bring up the rear, is General Yumamaleigh---A half wild man from the Congo. He is employed for the purpose of keeping the natives from straggling, and, believe me, he does.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

This is the formation of the camel safari upon the banks of the Iseola River. ~~HERE~~ Here Mr. Rainey had arranged for the Somalis to meet him with 135 camels for his trip across the desert. Owing to the British Government embracing into its own services for purposes of its own, 100 of these camels, Mr. Rainey found upon arriving at this point, that he only had 35 camels, and here you see the process which is gone through to load the camel. They are made to kneel, and then boxes and other burdens are strapped upon their backs. The Somalis are a highly intelligent tribe. They are half Arab, and do the best work of any natives of that country, receiving for it better pay and better portia, or food supplies.

(MOVING-PICTURE)

Here you see more of the camels being packed with their loads.

(MOVING-PICTURE)

And this man in the center in the white garb, with the turban about his head and the staff in his hand, is the head camel man. You have often heard it said that "it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back", but I assure you, that before the last straw is upon his back, he takes care to see that the first straw has left it.

(MOVING-PICTURE)

And here you see one of those camels who has so objected. They take him by the head and stretch his neck out, as you see, for the purpose of making him kneel, and finding that their labor at this end proves ineffective, they work upon the other end as well.

(MOVING-PICTURE)

This is the camel safari crossing the Guasiniro River, the first water met after leaving the Iseola, the banks of which you saw in the last picture, and which is a distance of 60 miles. Here you see the

head camel man in the lead. This picture is one of great beauty, and demonstrates some of the best features of cinematography, the wonderful lighting effects of a late afternoon in this part of the world being shown here, which proves a delight to any eye. The banks of this river at certain times of the year swarm with crocodiles and alligators, and the trees which line its shores, with baboons and monkeys. The sources of this river have never been explored, but it has been followed as far as the marshes beyond Lake Victoria Nyanza. The load a camel is usually called upon to carry is between 300 and 350 pounds, but the one that you saw drinking, is carrying a load of over 400 pounds upon his back, being all of the film and heavy photographic paraphernalia. The next nearest water after leaving the Guasiniro, proved to be the water-hole, 80 miles away. I want to call your attention to the banks of this river as seen in the next picture, which shows ~~the~~ the luxuriant tropical growth in splendid form.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

You may imagine after a distance of 60 miles without water, it is indeed pleasant to find an opportunity to bathe the body, even though that bath be in the waters that are heated by the tropical sun, and here you see the camel boys enjoying, perhaps, their annual bath, and fishing for coins tossed to them by Mr. Rainey.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

This is a herd of Abyssinian ponies, being driven to one of the forts for sale. They have been a long time without water, perhaps three days, and many of these were purchased by Mr. Rainey, to take the place of the camels that he failed to secure at the Iseola.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

This is the start of the camel safari for its trip across the desert, to the now famous water-hole, the next water 80 miles away, which you will see in the first reel after the intermission. The tree here is an acacia, and these are the weaver birds' nests that are hanging upon its branches.--As I said before, the only song birds of British East Africa. They build their nests to the Northeast, because the prevailing winds are from the Southwest, and they are called the weaver birds, because of the peculiar manner that they have of weaving their nests.

The sheep that you see in the background, and will see in the foreground also in a moment, are carried on the hoof for the purpose of supplying food to the ~~HEIMAT~~ expedition, in the event of scarcity of game, and also to feed any wild animals that may be captured, and placed within the cages, which you saw carried for that purpose.

(FLASH--STILL PICTURE)

Mr. Shelley has been out for a run across the veldt with the dogs. It is very pleasing for the animals to come to water when they have had a long run and they are tired after a hot chase. Here are Book and Red, two of the best fighting dogs we had in the pack.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

When at Kajabe Mr. Rainey decided to hunt the Colobus monkeys which are found only in that region adjacent to Mt. Kenia. He was very fortunate and secured two splendid specimens a male and a female. They were taken alive but unfortunately died before they arrived in America. The only monkeys of this family in captivity are at the London Zoo. They are much sought after on account of their long silky fur, but under the government license the hunter is only allowed to kill three in a year.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

A baby grey-eyed zebra, which Mr. Rainey lassoed one morning after a long chase. It is an exceptional specimen. Mr. Rainey desired to get three of these animals that he might drive them in a spike team, he only secured two however and then he thought he would have a tandem, but they died while on the way to this country.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This picture illustrates the manner in which the captive wild animals were brought in on safari. In the cage you see is an Abyssinian wild dog. He was carried in that manner for 21 days and let out on a chain at night. Then for the next two weeks he was led along on the chain having become very tame. Mr. Rainey presented him to the Bronx Zoo and

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

here he is exactly as he appears here. This is one of two dogs of this species in captivity. The other is at the London Zoo. These dogs hunt in packs of from one to two hundred and have been known on occasions to bring to earth as strong an opponent as the lion. They have a very peculiar whine rising crescendo to almost a wail, and do not bark as our dogs.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

The baby lions with which Mr. Shelley trained his dogs to know the spear. They were captured after a fierce fight with the lioness and brought into Nairobi where Mr. Shelley had his pack.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

The two lion cubs in their railway car-riage en route to New York where they may be seen now among the most splendid specimens in the Bronx Zoo. They became quite tame while on ship-board and used to be allowed to run about on a rope, but that is a privilege denied them in their present quarters.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

Prof. Heller, the naturalist is now setting the trap to capture live game. The object in securing these animals is to exhibit them in zoos and thus it is absolutely necessary that they should not be marred or injured in any way. The boy brings a bait, in this case the carcass of a Thompson gazelle, and places it in the crotch of a tree. He handles it very carefully for the bait is stronger than the boy. The trap, which is heavily padded at the teeth to prevent injury to the animals is then set in a hole just deep enough to cover it and the chain run out in a gutter to the drag, which is the limb of a tree. If the trap were attached to a solid object the animal would probably either break its leg or pull it from the socket in an effort to get away, but the drag gives it play and simply delays its departure until the arrival of the trapper. Mr. Heller is now covering the chain. The trap is so set that it catches the animal as it springs for the bait.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

A jackall has been caught in the trap and pulled the drag into a thorn bush and Dr. Johnstone is now trying to get it into a sack he has brought in order to take it to camp. He is a plucky little fellow and fights back. The jackall is about two feet long and 14 inches at the shoulder. They much resemble our own red fox and as in that family there are silver grey jackals which are much sought after.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

A beautiful specimen of the striped hyena. This animal is hated and despised by the natives, who beg the white hunters to kill as many as they can for the hyena is the despoiler of the graves of their loved ones. They call him feesi, the grave of their ancestors. No matter how deep they may bury their dead nor how heavy the cairn of stones heaped upon it the jackall will dig into the grave and devour the body. They are thieves as well and live only on what other animals have killed. They are cowards

as well although they have been known to try to run off with the leg of a black boy asleep in his tent. This animal is not hurt in the least. It is only frightened. It does not see the photographer because the man is hidden behind a screen. See how he drags himself along with its first joint instead of the foot in order to get a better purchase. Now he sees a white man probably for the first time Mr. Rainey having come up behind him. Observe the powerful jaws, the strongest of almost any beast in Africa. The hyena has been known to snap break the leg of a zebra in two with one snap of his mighty jaws. Now Mr. Rainey has come up and orders the boys to bring the cage in which to put the hyena. He don't like the looks of that cage but if he knew he was going to get three square meals a day and plenty of fresh water to drink without the trouble of hunting for it he might be more willing to go into it. Mr. Rainey is testing the chain to see how far he can let it go. There is General Uva Haled with a rope. No one knows what he is going to do with it but he has it just the same. Now the hyena thinks he will bite Mr. Rainey but concludes he likes black men better. Now they have him safely in the cage, all that remains is to put on the back-board. The boy is left-handed but he manages all right. Mr. Rainey knocks the ashes from his pipe and prepares to loosen the trap then he says "Oh let George do it", and George assisted by the human frog does. The boys now hoist the grave of their ancestors on their shoulders and Mr. Hyena starts on his 10,000 mile journey to New York where he may be seen any time at the Bronx Park Zoo.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This is a Tommie, otherwise a Thompson gazelle. All the animals are not caught in traps. This little Tommie for instance was deserted by the mother and left upon the veldt where Mr. Rainey found it. He took it in his arms and brought it to camp, then went to the cook and got a pickle bottle, and to Dr. Johnston and begged a bit of rubber tubing which he put through the cork and turned the nursing bottle and the Tommie over to his boy as wet nurse. It was oiled for and taken to Nairobi and

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

here it is as a pet of Miss Marjorie Tarleton. Miss Tarleton's father is a farmer and he also collects wild animals and sells or gives them to various Zoos. Miss Tarleton is now playing with a pet Kongoni. In the rear you see a number of Eland. There is the family hen in the background but Tommie is jealous and drives her away but she comes out and says oh Miss Marjorie

I have been laying for you all day can't I have a word. A sweet kiss and then we go and on comes the Baby Rhino. Mr. Farkleton was going along the banks of the Tana River one day when he encountered this baby and its mother. He had an encounter with the mother and brought home the baby in charge of the black boy. The baby then insisted on having the boy for a nurse and he even had to sleep with it in the hut you see, for if he left it the animal would raise such a rumpus that there was no peace for any one. When the baby rhino was sent to London the boy had to go with it. Baby is very fond of milk and it took many cows to satisfy its appetite. It is now playing with the dish, but it was not selfish and would share with the dogs. There are Mr. Farkleton and his son.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This represents the combined telegraph telephone and postal service of the veldt and desert. He is a Kaberenda runner. When you are distant from the base of supplies and wish to communicate you call this boy to you. He brings a stick. It is split at the top and bound with bark above and below the letter which is put in it. You tell him where to go and although he has no knowledge of miles, nor of the points of the compass he will tell you when to expect him with the answer.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

He starts off with a companion, his calabash full of water at his side, his ghatapotia at his back, the letter in one hand and spear in the other. He will run as you see him here for from thirty to forty miles a day. He travels from daylight to dark then sleeps in the top of a tree. He never touches the letter and likewise never avoids an animal. He will dodge the beast but keep straight on his road. If one of them gets killed the other takes the letter goes on his way and returns with the answer.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

When you hunt the lion or the elphets without dogs you go out on the plains and kill the male of any herd you may find. Here are a zebra and a wilderbeast. A boy is put to guard them until nightfall and in the morning the hunter comes hoping to find his game feeding upon the carcass, or at least to find a spoor which can be tracked. If that is not found the skinners are called in and the hide hoofs and horns removed for preservation and then the porters

have their feast of feasts. These porters will eat the meat of any animal except the hyena and the lion and of the lion the Masai will eat the heart because they think it makes them brave.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

They have tremendous capacity and complain bitterly if many animals are not killed to keep them in meat. A single man has been known to eat as much as 15 pounds at one meal and five or six pounds is just a comfortable portion. What they do not eat they cook on this broiler you see made of old limbs of trees with a grass smoke fire underneath. Between the heat of the sun and the smoke the meat is half cooked and then they put it on their loads and carry it with them. The meat attracts thousands of flies and while it remains good to the white man who gets down wind to them.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

The Masai have been given a great reservation by the British and only royalty had been permitted to hunt there until Mr. Rainey was given a special permit by the Governor General in order to kill off the lions which has been seriously interfering with the ostrich farmers. Mr. Rainey has found a nest of wild ostriches only about a day or two old and they are gathering them up to take to the farm. For once Mr. Rainey has his hands full and so they call the black boy and tell him to take off his suit, which is a blanket and put the ostriches in it. None of them get away for there is General Uma Maleo with his cat-o-nine-tails busily doing nothing but beating the job. Mr. Lambert and a boy with a hand full of ostriches, by this time any one of the ostriches is big enough to hold a man.

Here are the same ostriches a few weeks later, and in the distance a beautiful view of the Suswa valley. In the foreground is a donga. This is a ravine in which grow date fig and acacia trees and thick underbrush, so thick in fact that it is often necessary to go a long way to get round it. This is the favorite haunt of the lion and the cheetah and the brush is made so thick by the fact that in the rainy season the water settles in the ravine.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

Some half grown ostriches at pasture. You have heard of the bunny hug and the grisly bear now let me introduce to you the ostrich wiggle. They are now being driven into the kraal for the night to protect them from the wild beasts.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

Here are some full grown birds being driven from the k rali after being plucked. The British East African Ostrich is not as valuable as the South African Ostrich but the farmers are inbreeding and hope to soon have a superior bird.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

A prize pair of birds in full feather. The black is the male and the brown the female.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

At certain seasons of the year the male birds become very dangerous. Here is one now which refuses to go to pasture. The shepherd takes a long pole and places a thorn bush on it which he thrusts into a tender spot just below the beak. If it were not for this, or if the boy were off guard for a single instant the bird would rend him in two with one stroke of his powerful claw. Observe the muscular legs and thighs which accounts for the power of the stroke and the speed of the bird which makes it the fastest thing on two legs.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

The bird has become so wicked that Mr. Lamber has had to lasso it. A long black stocking is then drawn over the head and the bird kept thus until subdued. The man behind is safe because it cannot kick backward.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

The Cheetah or hunting leopard, the fastest animal on four legs without any exception. This one had been wounded but still had plenty of fight in him when the camera caught this speaking likeness.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

Mr. Rainey and three cheetahs which he shot within an hour and a half one morning. An exceptional bag and one of which the hunter was very proud.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

This is the picture of Deepdale Camp you saw Mr. Hement taking early in the evening. Preparations are now being made to hunt the cheetah. Mr. Rainey is on the roan pony, Mr. Black on the white Arab and Mr. Shelley on Ajax, one of the fastest horses in British East Africa which won many races for Mr. Rainey at Nairobi. The hunting dogs and the fighting dogs are held in leash and the gun bearers carry the extra guns behind, a long way behind sometimes when you need them badly. There are two sets of dogs used. The hunting dogs and the fighting dogs. The hunting dogs follow the spoor and bay up the game and

until then the fighting dogs are held in leash and released to kill the animal. This is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable pictures ever made. Mr. Rainey determined that in this case the dogs should have all the glory and not a shot was fired. You will see them drive the cheetah out of one tree, then up into another, climb the tree after it and finally drive it to earth where the pack is waiting for it. The dogs are now working through the thick underbrush and are hot on the trail. In a moment you will see the cheetah come down from the tree right in the center of the picture. Now you see him there at the top of the tree. Look closely and you will see the dogs go up the tree from here, then one will appear at his back biting at the legs and driving him forward and the mate will come right in here at the forefeet, bite at him and drive him from the tree dropping after him.

The cheetah lies on its back and fights with all four claws and all its teeth. This contest is not as unequal as it looks as there are only four dogs actually fighting the animal and they have killed it almost instantly. The rest of the dogs are just nosing around to make sure it is really their game. Now the old dogs come back for their thanks of their master a pat on the head. The pelt of the cheetah is not harmed in the least as you will see.

There is the cheetah one of the handsomest specimens in the Smithsonian Institute.

After an intermission of ten minutes we will have the pleasure of showing you the famous picture taken at the waterhole.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We are now about to show you the pictures taken at the waterhole which were pronounced by Prof. Osborn, curator of the Museum of Natural History in New York City as the greatest contribution to natural science in the last decade. You saw the camel safari starting from the Iscole River, that is sixty miles way, the nearest water to this spot in the other direction is at another water hole over fifty miles distant. There had been a drouth for some five years and this was one element which helped to gather so many animals at this one drinking place. In preparing to take these pictures three blinds were built. One was put down wind. The animals came to this saw it, went up and smelled it, some of the smaller ones went inside it. They found it was not unnatural so they paid no attention to the blind which had been put up wind to screen the camera. No animals were killed at the water hole and none of the beasts knew that a human being was near them. Six weeks were spent in getting the pictures. On some days many feet were secured and on other ~~stooob~~ sometimes days would go by without getting a turn out of the crank. After two weeks of waiting in the blind on the ground Mr. Herment concluded he was not getting satisfactory results and another blind was built in two of the slender trees you will see. In taking the pictures the camera is usually set on a tripod with ball bearings. This permits it to be moved carefully from side to side so that no motion is shown on the film. It was impossible, however to get the tripod up the tree and Mr. Herment ~~must~~ set his camera on a rough pine board when he did not have it on his knees, and we explain this so that you will understand the jerky movement often noticed on the screen. For four weeks Mr. Herment sat up in that tree under a sun which registered at an average of 120 degrees in the shade, but he felt the time and danger was well repaid by the result. On the 8th of ~~June~~ June 1911 9000 feet of film were shipped from East Africa bound for New York. When they reached London the Dock Strike was on and as the vessel was a mail ship the Government would not allow it time to unload but sent it back with the full cargo. Back and forth it went and the film with it. When the cases were opened late in November in New York every inch of that film was worthless. It had fogged. Included in this was the lion charge, the charge of two rhinoceroses, and a picture of over 15000 animals in one herd taken on the plains. Mr. Herment says he would almost give his right arm for the picture of the lion charge alone. However Mr. Rainey has returned to Africa and it is to be hoped that he will be able to

duplicate some of the lost pictures. In this picture at the water hole you will observe the peace and amity in which all the animals dwell together just as they did with Noah in the Ark. There is only one fighter among them all and that is the rhino. But one interesting fact will be noted and that is the stronger animal always has precedence. We will now show you the picture at the water hole.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

The safari crossing the desert on the way to the water hole. The camels come first, the animals next and the men last. This order is taken because of the terrific sandstorms of Jiblicanes, as they are called. The sand whirls on you and bites like needles and then the camels are put down their backs to the storm the pack animals are put next to them and back of them the men lay face down until the storm passes. The journey across the desert was made entirely in the night because in the daylight the thermometer when put out would climb to 150 degrees and then would be taken in to prevent its breaking. You have heard of covers being moonstruck. It is a fact that in the desert at the full of the moon the reflection of the sun is so intense that men often get moonstruck. There were three or four cases on this safari and the men acted much like a sun struck man does in our own August weather.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

At last we have reached the water hole. It was probably at one time the head of a river. The water is quite deep and the animals have to dig from ten to twenty inches into the earth to get at it. It is muddy and brackish and tastes strongly of alkali, but this particular hole is a favorite with the animals so ~~perhaps~~ it must have been particularly good to them. You will see hundreds of baboons and monkeys running about. Some of the baboons are as big as a small man and almost as ugly as some men. There are some Thompson Gazelle coming down for their turn at the drinking place and the oryx from the horn of which the natives make their musical instruments you saw in the first picture. Now come the rhinos and all the other animals retire to give them their place. The order in which the animals drink is as follows the elephant first, the rhino, the giraffe, the zebra, the oryx and after them the various members of the antelope tribe the apes and monkeys. Now you will observe a typical rhino fight they are always looking for trouble. The big bull knocks the little one down and puts a gash in his side which we will show you a little later. They quarreled mostly among themselves

At the back of this picture you will see the giraffe approaching. He is a very long-sighted animal, and he is cautious. He hears the click of the camera, and sees the blind up the tree. He is not at all certain but that there is danger in the vicinity. He has left his mate in the woods, and comes down to reconnoiter before he gives her the word to approach. However, he sees the rhino, and knowing them to be very wary, concludes everything is all right. He is just in time to referee the fight between the two rhinos. The little fellow comes around the tree and gives some smart talk to his opponent. Watch the movement of their back feet—but one is afraid and the other dare not, so they call it off. Now the giraffe comes down to the water-hole. The manner in which the giraffe drinks has been much discussed, and many of your natural history books will tell you that he kneels. These pictures settle the question once and for all. The zebra insists on staying at the water-hole in spite of the giraffe's right of precedence. First he is given warning with the right leg, and then comes the kick, and the giraffe can kick North, East, South and West. His mate now comes down and joins him. They are a beautiful pair of reticulated giraffes, so called for the geometric marking of their heights. They are by far the handsomest animals of this family, and are from 12 to 18 feet tall. For the moment there appears right at the back of the giraffe, a wart-hog, one of the fiercest fighters among the animals. They live in holes, into which they back, and when the dogs follow them in, often did terrible damage with their powerful upper and lower tusks. More dogs were injured by the wart-hog than by any other animal. Here is the rhino which was in a fight a few moments ago. You will see the gash in his side, made by his opponent's tusk. The rhino is even more short-sighted than the elephant, and can see only about 35 yards. His sense of smell and hearing are both very acute, however, and he is as lively on his feet as a polo pony, in spite of his great bulk. This one weighed something over two tons. To make up for the deficiency of sight, nature has given him a rhino tick bird. Now, you see them on his back. They are sometimes called tick birds, because they live on the ticks which thrive on the rhino's hide. At the first sight of danger, these birds leave the back of the rhino, and he immediately begins to look about for trouble, and charges headlong at any opponent in the neighborhood. This rhino is

looking about for a water-hole. Now you see the birds have left his back, and he is wagging his ears and sniffing in an attempt to find out the reason. He is going into the hole there, thinking it is a water-hole, but it is not. An elephant came along the day before yesterday, and rubbed himself against that ~~tree~~ tree, knocking it over, and the hole was made by the withdrawn roots. Mr. Hemment is not very comfortable at this moment, for he is thinking of what might happen to him in case two ton of rhino collided with the tree in which he is sitting. The rhino ~~birds~~ birds have left the ~~elephant~~ animal again, and he looks up. He cannot make out what that mysterious clicking is. Now he approaches the tree, and stands within its very shadow, which you see there. He is only 25 feet away from the camera, and this is undoubtedly the nearest distance at which such a wild and dangerous animal has ever been photographed.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

Some beautiful specimens of the umbrella-eared elephant in the jungle, taken from the ground, at a distance of only 40 yards. Well-known elephant hunters who have seen this picture were amazed to know it could be taken. Here is the father, Baba; the mother, mama; the sister, Mimimtoto; and the baby, mtoto. There are a herd of 57 elephants to which these belong. They are now taking their breakfast off the wild acacia tree. They pull down the small branches and twigs, chew them, and discard the bark, just as a bird does the outside of a seed. If you will look closely, here in the long grass at the bottom of the tree, you will see the didie running about. It is the smallest of antelopes, perfectly formed, and about the size of a rabbit, weighing only two pounds. Thus you see the largest mammal, and the smallest antelope in the same picture.

(FLASH MOVING-PICTURE)

Now the elephants are coming down to their morning coffee. There is mtoto, mimimtoto, and mother. Mtoto is impatient, like all children, and ~~runs~~ rushes to the water-hole. Mother tells her to stand to one side until she can clean it out, and get her proper amount of water in there for her, but Mtoto insists that she must have a drink immediately. You will notice the mother is very patient, indeed, and

treats the baby quite gently. Mimimtoto goes off by herself, and finds a water-hole of her own. At last the mother is beginning to get angry with Mtoto. See how she wags her ears. In a moment that baby is going to get a spanking. Here is Mimimtoto over here, standing on her head to get water. At last mother ~~YHNE~~ has just simply had to spank the baby, and Mimimtoto goes over and says: "Mother, what are you doing there?"—and then ~~MIMIME~~ Mimimtoto gets here. That is not dust you see in the air, but water which Mother has thrown at her daughter. At last they had enough to drink, and mother goes over to take a sand bath, throwing the sand on herself just as you have seen them throw straw in the circus. Here are the rhino and the elephant in the same picture. Now Mtoto has lost mother, and you will see her trying to get the scent with her trunk. She scents her, and off she goes, and now comes Mimimtoto, finishing her drink on the run.

(FLASH-STILL PICTURE)

This is the blind blind, which was built down wind, in order to deceive the animals. As you will notice, it is constructed of the limbs and bark of trees, and is made hollow inside, in order that the animals might thoroughly inspect it. They were very curious about it at first, and hesitated a long time before they would approach it, but finally one or two took their courage in their hands, and did so, and later they all satisfied themselves that there was nothing harmful about it.

(FLASH- STILL PICTURE)

Seven Ekrhinos are to be seen here drinking at the water-hole. This is the largest number that Mr. Hemment was able to photograph together at any one time.

(FLASH- STILL PICTURE)

Here are some of the trophies which Mr. Rainey brought back with him from Africal. There is a jackal, which is a member of the dog family, about 15 inches at the shoulder, and 2 feet long, very much like our red fox, grayish yellow in color, although there are silver jackals, almost white, the skins of which are most sought for, but are very rare.

The Impalla, is one of the most beautiful animals in Africa, and it is doubtful if there is more graceful in the world. The horns are long, and have a double curve, and are heavily ringed,

The color is brilliant red, and very glossy. When shot at, the whole herd starts into a series of leaps and bounds, sometimes going as high as six feet in the air, and jumping clear off the backs of one another. They look like acrobats as they perform. Usually found near water, in a bushy country.

The Eland, which you see here, is protected by the Government, as they were almost exterminated by disease some time ago. They go about in bands of ten to twenty-five, and are enormous animals--in fact, the largest of all antelopes. They are tawny in color, with bluish white perpendicular stripes about ^{half} an inch ~~and a half~~ wide over the body. The horns are long and very heavy, and have a spiral twist in them. They are delicious eating, the meat being like fine beef.

The Congoni is another member of the antelope family, and is also known as the koodoo. It is found in the neighborhood of the Quasiniro River, and like its fellows, is very difficult to approach. This is one of two which Mr. Rainey secured on the hunt.

(FLASH- STILL PICTURE)

This is a fine specimen of the Robertseyed gazelle. While on the hunt, the sportsman may be in sight of these animals all the time. It is almost impossible to approach them, as there is sure to be another band or part of the band very near to give the warning. There are many kinds of these gazelles, and they are named for the men who discovered them. WITH

With possibly the exception of the diddic, the bushbuck, is one of the hardest animals to bag in all Africa. It frequents the brush usually bordering on a stream, and seldom comes out of cover. It belongs to the harnessed antelope family. The does are harmless, but the bucks carry a beautiful set of lyre shaped horns. The height of their shoulders is about 3 feet, and they weigh about 350 pounds. They are dark brown in color with small white spots over the rump and flanks. They have fine bred looking faces, with intelligent and beautiful eyes.

The Buffalo is one of the most dangerous animals to hunt. It fights with sagacity, and woe to anyone who comes within reach of the horns or hoofs. He charges rapidly, and turns quickly in spite of his great weight. When the hunter is stalking the Buffalo, he must be very careful, for the animal may turn off into the brush, and quietly come up

behind him unexpectedly. They are black, with a short, wrinkled, and wicked looking face. Their weight is close to a ton. The horns are joined together at the base, entirely covering the top of the skull, and spreading out in very symmetrical formation.

The oryx stands about 4 feet, at the shoulder, and weighs about 450 pounds. It is heavily built at the shoulders, with a tremendous neck, giving it great strength for fighting, and the skin on the neck is about an inch and a half thick. It is no mean antagonist, with its tremendous rapiers, for the horns are as sharp as skewers. It is a gray fawn color, with black stripes down to the eye--black shield in the center of the face, marks about the knees, and a black stripe separating the color of the back from the white belly. The horns of the females are more slender than those of the male in these species.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

A panoramic view of Archer's Post, the base of supplies for the Safari while on the desert and headquarters for the askari or native policemen, whose duty it is to protect the natives. There is a very small store at Archer's Post run by a Hindoo tradesman and the remarkable thing about it was that you could get nothing you wanted. Here is the store. This is a hut in which the natives live. It is built of rushes from the river and here is the kitchen and dining room of the inhabitants of the hut.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

These sheep have been driven all the way from Somaliland and are on their way to market at Archer's Post. The Union Jack flies over the house of Mr. Percival game warden for the British Government and representative of their National Museum.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

The Safari is now breaking camp for a day's march. They have been out a long time and each of the natives has as much as \$4.50 marked up on his stick so their faces are very long as they want to get somewhere to spend it. Here ~~are~~ are the Kikuyus with the pots on their backs followed by their chief man. The Askari is busy getting the men into line. He is very proud with his gun and tells this man here he had better hurry. The Askari is the last man to leave the camp ground.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

The brush you see in this picture is about six feet high and this is the camera brigade coming through it. It affords a splendid hiding place for the lion, the buffalo or the rhino and if the slightest unusual noise is heard it is a wise precaution to climb a tree and see what there is about you, as the boys are doing now. You will catch the glint of the sun on the glass the boy holds as he sits in the crotch of the tree. There is Mr. Herrents faithful mule.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

These are the animals of the plains. It required great patience and hard work to secure these pictures crawling over the red hot ground and hiding behind ant hills which are from six to fifteen feet high. There is a drove of zebras. They are headed by a wilderbeast. The wilderbeast seems to be the pilot for many different bands of animals and has even been seen

leading a flock of ostriches. These wildebeests have been cast out from their herds for some reason and they go along as pilots with a honk honk honk all the time until there is danger and then they stop. If the herd is grazing they all look up and if traveling they all stop and look about for the danger. There are two Coke's Hartebeest's running away. This was the nearest Mr. Hemment could get to them. Note how they run with a stiff movement of the hind legs.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

Here is a beautiful band of Grant's gazelle. Mr. Hemment followed them for days and they became used to having him around and so allowed him to get this splendid picture. Undoubtedly this is the nearest a human being has ever been to a wild Grant's gazelle as they are very shy.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

Mr. Hemment followed this rhino on the plains for some hours one morning determined to get it in a position where he could make it charge with comparative safety to himself and his boys. He only had his revolver with him. Just as he had it about figured out the head hunter Allen Black happened along and wanted to know what was going on. Hemment told him. "Just let him get your wind" said Mr. Black "and he will charge all right". Mr. Black took his position beside Mr. Hemment and just at that moment the rhino scented them. Mr. Black saw him do it, recognized the danger and drove away with his .470 putting the bullet through the fourth and fifth ribs and into the heart. The rhino turned and in spite of the mortal wound ran for 75 yards when he fell. The camera was only forty yards from him and if he had chanced to charge straight ahead there surely would have been no camera and possibly no photographer to tell the tale. Mr. Hemment moved his camera over to him but the rhino has a habit of pretending to be dead and suddenly getting on his feet and charging, and when Mr. Black saw him move his ears he placed another bullet through his brain and finished him.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

Here we have the rhino after he had fallen, Mr. Black, the head hunter who shot him and his favorite dog Scottie on the back of the game. We show you this picture that you may get an idea of the comparative size of the man the dog and the rhino. Mr. Black estimated that this rhino weighed about three tons. It had a splendid pair of horns and was altogether an excellent specimen. The rhino only stands about five feet at the shoulder and thus you can judge how solid his flesh is. The skin is very thick and tough, in fact there are only three or four spots which can be penetrated by even a large bore rifle bullet. Thinking to attract some lions or cheetahs a boy was set to guard the carcass ~~throughout~~ until dark to keep away the day prowlers and when we went to the spot the next morning

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This is what we found. The vulture, the marabou stork, the jackall and the hyena had done their work. Here is the spot where Mr. Black's first bullet entered breaking the fourth and fifth ribs. This is a marabou stork. Its tail feathers are very beautiful and bring \$500 a pound in London but it is against the law to kill them so they are scarce. This one was killed by the weight of the vultures which attacked the carcass, for they are the great scavengers of British East Africa and are also protected by the government. There are parts of the country where it would be impossible to live were

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

it not for these birds. There they are on the tree. They are most remarkable. An animal is killed and if no carnivorous beast is upon the body soon you will see way up the in the sky a tiny speck, then another and another and at last they descend upon the carcass in thousands and pick it clean even polishing the bones. Where they come from or how they know that food is waiting for them no one has ever found out, for as in this instance, there might not be a tree within sight to hide them, but in some manner they do know their work is set for them.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

For the trip through the mountainous country Mr. Rainey supplemented the safari with three teams of oxen to carry the heavy goods through that hard going. There were sixteen animals to each team and they were very beautiful creatures and most intelligent. The oxen were only driven in the early morning and late afternoon and made about ten miles a day. You see the Webb Brothers who owned them inspanning their teams early in the morning. They take the wheel team by the tails and pull back and the oxen pull their mates ahead with them until they are in position. These oxen were often attacked by lions and Rosie a little spaniel who was the pet of the owner gave warning whenever lions were in the neighborhood. One night Rosie woke up the camp and five lions were killed and it was estimated there were nine lions attacking the animals. Note the beautiful cloud effect in the background.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

The oxen safari is now entering Grant's Glade. The long whips which the men have are made of hide taken from the neck of the giraffe. They are as pliable as rubber and snap with a report like a rifle. The drivers are very dextrous in using them and can flick a fly from the back of an ox without touching the animal. There you see little Rosie sitting on the fifth wheel of the Kitchen wagon in which the men slept at night. She always occupied this commanding position except when getting a little exercise.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

We now turn the camera around and get a picture as the safari crossed Grant's Glade. Art connoisseurs have compared this picture in its composition to the landscapes of the world's greatest artists. In the distance you see the Luxwa mountains which divide German from British East Africa. They are 35 miles distant and are usually covered with mist and fog but this morning were very clear.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

Now the safari is topping the ridge. You can get some idea of the steep incline by the position of the wagon and there is a beautiful silhouette of the vehicle as it comes over the top of the hill.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This is probably the only photograph of a lion's spoor ever taken. The lion is a wary beast and goes upon hard ground. The lion is the hunter the lioness the slayer. The lion goes out and finds some game and drives it up to the lair and the lioness seizes and kills it. In this case the lion was undoubtedly trailing a Kongoni and a Topi. On this spot had been the camp kitchen which was moved for sanitary reasons. The ashes on the ground were damp from a rain when the animals passed over it and they left their marks and Mr. Hement was able to get this picture, which gives you an excellent idea of what we mean when we speak of the spoor.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This is the first lion brought to bay by the dogs and killed by Mr. Rainey. The lion does not run great distances. He is too fat. He tries to get away and then turns and fights. Undoubtedly these were the first dogs he ever saw and it is equally certain this is the first lion the dogs ever saw on his native heath.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

Mr. Rainey and three lions which he ~~slain~~ bagged in four shots, which is pretty nearly a record. Mr. Rainey by the way holds the record for lion hunting in British East Africa, having brought to earth on his safari 76 lions. He killed some thirty odd on his first trip and when he went back to Nairobi the hunters protested against the government allowing him to go back. But many valuable ostriches had been killed in the Suswa country and the farmers sent a petition that Mr. Rainey be allowed to go out there and clean them up and he was given permission to do so, killing the balance of the 76 beasts.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

Just as there will be one white kitten in a litter of white ones so occasionally there is brought to life a black maned lion. They are one of the great prizes sought by the lion hunter. Here is a picture of the only one secured by Mr. Rainey. It is an exceptionally fine specimen. In Africa the lion may not always be distinguished from the lioness by the mane as we are led to believe by the animals in the zoo. The lion may have a little more hair at the throat than the lioness but not enough to distinguish it.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This is the remarkable sight which greeted Prof. Heller one morning as he went to look at the traps he had set for hyenas. This lion had been caught in the trap, scorned it and leaped for the bait, overjumped and fell

through the crotch of the tree, where it hung snarling and biting and roaring as Mr. Heller found it in the morning. As he only had a small bore gun with him he killed it at once

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

in order to put it out of its trouble and when it was taken down it was found to weight about 475 pounds and the trap had simply caught on the foot as you see here. But the most remarkable fact is that ~~of~~ the foot

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

only two toes were in the trap and when it was released Prof Heller found that not a bone of the animal or in the toes was broken. This shows conclusively how well the trap is padded and that the animal cannot possibly be injured, by the instrument.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This is one of Luce's hills. There are four of them and they were named for a man by name Luce who started an ostrich farm close by here. However there were so many lions about that he finally had to give it up. Lions may nearly always be found about these hills. One morning Mr. Outram whom you see here told Mr. Rainey he thought a number of lions could be started up back of this hill and Mr. Rainey instructed him to take some of the boys and drive them out and Hemment would get some pictures. When they appeared there were seventeen lions and as the beasts were all about taking potshots was out of the question and all got busy with the guns. In thirty five minutes nine lions had been killed and to prove it

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

here they are. There is Mr. Shelley with his camera, Mr. Outram, Mr. Rainey Mr. Black and the others. This lioness in the center here was one which gave particular trouble. She made off toward the camp. As usual the askari was in charge with his gun and he took a pot shot at her. As I have said the askari is a very bad shot so he only succeeded in seriously wounding her and he came running for Mr. Rainey, and the party. As they came up Mr. Hemment said it was a fine chance to get a good picture of a live lioness and he set up his machine. He thought there was not action enough and he told his boy to shout and throw some stones. The boy did as he was told

and there was action all right. With a blood curdling roar the lioness gave a leap. Mr. Rainey put a shot through her heart at 35 paces, still she came on, Mr. Outram placed one in her chest at 25 paces and she did not stop and Mr. Black, whose duty it was to find the game and to save his fire to the last to protect the lives of the others fired at fifteen feet placing the bullet straight in her brain and she dropped

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

dead forty inches from the camera as you see here, and every member of the party swears that she was coming straight for him. This is the picture which was lost through the dock strike and Mr. Hemment says he would almost give his right hand if he could have saved it.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

Mr. Shelley took the ~~next~~ last picture with his kodack and then he said jump on her back and we will get you both and here they are. Mr. Hemment is not wearing a mask. The effect is due to the fact that he has been for five months without a shave as there are no barbershops in the neighborhood.

(FLASH STILL PICTURE)

This is another use which the porters make of the sticks they carry. They wind them together and form a cradle on which to carry the game into camp. You see how happy they all look. It is always an occasion for rejoicing with them when a lion is skinned for according to Safari ethics it is customary to give all the porters backshesh or extra money for every one of the lions brought to earth. In Mr. Rainey's case this was quite an item, but many hunters spend weeks in the jungle and never even see a lion let alone killing them. They will hear them and see their marks plainly but never get close enough for a shot. Mr. Rainey's success was due entirely to the wonderful instinct and stamina of the Mississippian hunting dogs so scorned by the old lion hunters of Nairobi.

(FLASH MOVING PICTURE)

Mr. Rainey's pet baboon was the pet and pest of the camp, yet it was great friends with the dogs except when the bugle blew for the hunt when the monkey was forgotten. Mr. Rainey and Mr. Lambert have little servil kittens which they are trying to having the monkey make friends with. These servil cats are much like our wild cats when they grow up and are very vicious and the monkey doesn't fancy them. The monkey was always getting into things and stealing the soap and jam and one day when the party was away on a hunt it found a box of cigars and when we returned there were no cigars but a very sick monkey.

Afternoon tea in the camp is a very pleasant affair. I might mention that in equatorial Africa you are not allowed either cold drinks or cold baths unless you want a seige of the fever. Mr. Rainey has mixed a good deal of condensed milk with a little tea for the monkey but Mr. Lambert insists that the animal shall not have it. Now the seltzer water bottle comes into play.

Two Masai chiefs report that lions have been seen in the vicinity and ask if Mr. Rainey won't come and try to find them. He orders the horses and led the dogs leashed up and all made ready. Now Mr. Rainey is mounting his roan, Mr. Black on the Arab and Mr. Shelley on Ajax, the gun-bearers bring out the guns and the party starts off.

Here we come up to Ince's Hill which you saw in a former picture. There are the Masai pointing out the trail. They had traced the lion almost completely around the hill and Mr. Hewment was able to place a camera on each side of the hill and thus secure almost a perfect view of the entire hunt. The trail is very cold and the animals do not easily scent the spear which Mr. Rainey is now pointing out to them. The lion does not travel great distances. It gets its food then finds water and immediately lies down to sleep usually in a clump of bushes or high grass. When pursued it only runs for a mile and a half or two miles and then turns and fights.

Now they have come around to the other side of the hill. Soon you will see the dogs come upon the hot spear and off they go in a flash. Now they have found it, and all start pell mell, dogs horses and men. Now they are getting around to the other side of the hill, this is taken with the second camera and the pack is coming through the valley in full cry. There is a beautiful view of the desert in the distance.

Now they have bayed up the lion. Look closely and you will see him there in the danga. The hunting dogs you see in front are only keeping him at bay and holding his attention while the fighting dogs get at his back and attack the flanks and neck. He looks at them and says what do you mean you whelps by barking at me. Now he strikes at them but they keep at a safe distance. Then he tries to escape through the other side of the danga but they are there before him. This is taken with the other camera. There is Buster the little airedale which climbed the tree. Ten days ago Buster had 17 stitches put in him after a fight with a wart hog and this is his first day out and yet look at him.

Now the lion goes back to his first position. In a moment he will look out right here. No I am not afraid. He sees five guns pointing at him and doesn't think he will come this way. But he dashed down the little glade there in an attempt to escape.

He is now bayed up for the last stand only 25 feet from the camera. The dogs have gone three miles on the slow trail and two miles full cry and Mr. Rainey thinks it time to put an end to it. So he orders a shot fired. The aim had to be very careful on account of the dogs and the bullet went a little low hitting him in the jaw. Another bullet goes into his brain. He makes one last stroke with his mighty claws and all is over.

Now the boys are bringing him out. He is a splendid specimen of the bush lion and weighed about 475 pounds. Now that you have seen them in action I think you will agree with Mr. Rainey that there is no animal which cannot be brought to bay by the splendid and intelligent hounds from Mississippi. I thank you for your kind attention and appreciation.

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The Motion Picture Copyright Descriptions Collection, Class L and Class M, consists of forms, abstracts, plot summaries, dialogue and continuity scripts, press kits, publicity and other material, submitted for the purpose of enabling descriptive cataloging for motion picture photoplays registered with the United States Copyright Office under Class L and Class M from 1912-1977.

Class L Finding Aid:

<https://hdl.loc.gov/loc.mbrsmi/eadmbrsmi.mi020004>

Class M Finding Aid:

<https://hdl.loc.gov/loc.mbrsmi/eadmbrsmi.mi021002>



National Audio-Visual Conservation Center
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